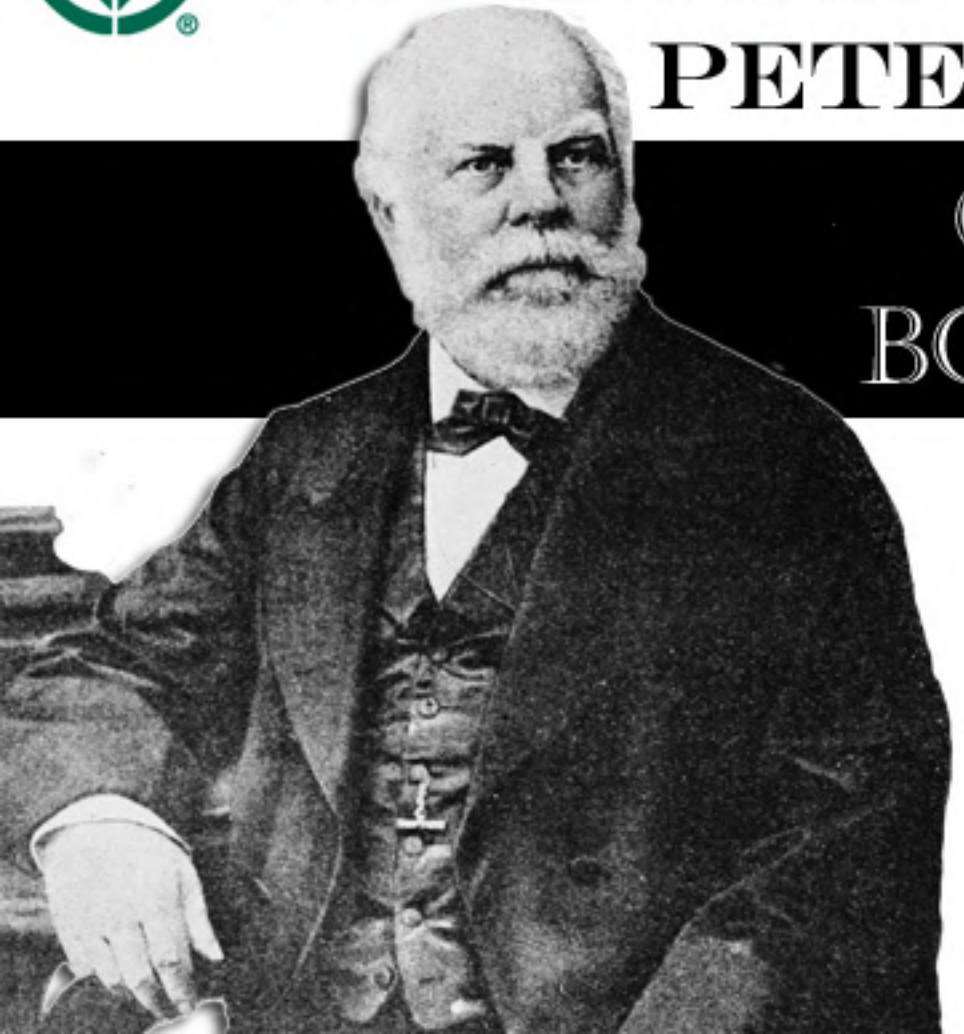
Missouri Botanical Garden

Peter H. Raven Library

George Engelmann Botanical Notebooks



Pagination Note:
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LITERARY NOTES.

The only thing that can pretend to a comparison with these magazines is the newspaper form of literature. But the newspaper in its form is literally ephemeral. It is incapable of being made into a book, or preserved even from month to month; and if it could be, who would wish to see it, among the beauties of modern books?

On the contrary, Magazines, when bound at an expense of 75 cents to $1.00 a volume, in the rich, uniform library covers furnished by the publishers, take their places among the gems of the parlor table, yielding entertainment and instruction for every age and taste, for moments, for hours, or for days, at will. Truly, we may ask, what is like unto them?

There is, of course, a lower depth of cheapness, and that is the weekly Story Paper.

But the tendency of the lowest ephemeral cheapness is to run into nastiness; "all filth is absolute poison." As they have the cheapest of paper, printing and engraving, so they have the cheapest writing and editing; and, as everybody knows, cheap writing *never sells unless it is bad.* The "pen-poison" distilled from the brains of vulgar story-writers—known only on the pages of story papers by their slang pseudonyms—is the only salable stuff to be had for its price, and it floods the channels of popular newspaper sales, corrupting the hearts and inflaming the imaginations of youth with moral poison. Let all beware of it, and especially all who are responsible for the moral nurture of children.

SCRIBNER and ST. NICHOLAS are cosmopolitan in scope, and in circulation too—teaching the European public the notable facts and scenery of its own times, as well as of ours—they are, above all others, American in tone and topics. They have done more, probably, than any other agency in the same period of time, to acquaint the world and America itself, with America's own greatness and beauty.

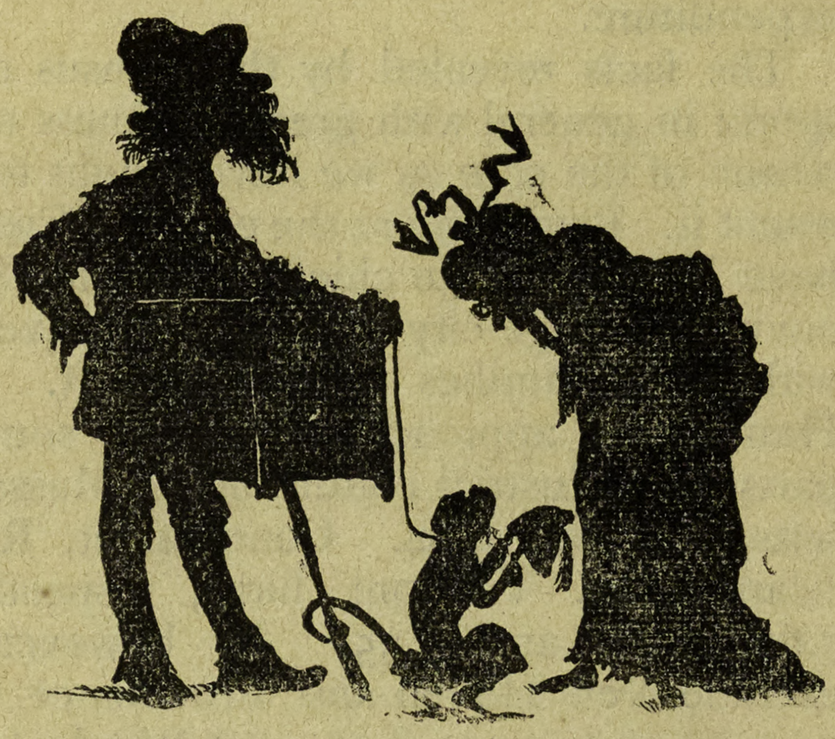
MISS LOUISA M. ALCOTT must have found in ST. NICHOLAS a congenial and advantageous means of reaching the little folk, for though her serial is now completed, it is announced that several short stories from her pen are to appear in that magazine during the coming year. The news will of course cause a flutter of joy among the ST. NICHOLAS readers, and, probably, among her devoted admirers everywhere.

"THE CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN"

Thus dilates upon "St. Nicholas:" "If there is one thing we do envy the youngsters in, it is 'St. Nicholas;' in fact we do believe that the grown-up boys are even more interested in this juvenile pictorial wonder than the young ones. Who knows but old Faustus, turning over the leaves and pointing out the beauties to his youngest grandchild, finds in 'St. Nicholas' a species of harmless Mephistopheles ready to chase the wrinkles from his brow, the shadows from his cheek, the eclipse that dims his eye, the snow that fills his hair? 'St. Nicholas' is now an institution of which Young and Old America are as proud as England is of *Punch;* it has become a perfect triumph in the way of juvenile literature. Between its first and second volumes there is not a hair to choose; both are in their way unique and perfect. A house without 'St. Nicholas' does not deserve to own any boys and girls; no dog should wag its little tail while pressing its nose through the area railings; emphatically, we would observe that should the sun condescend to shine upon that house his solar majesty would make a big mistake."

A QUESTION OF VERACITY.

Two versions of Gabriel Conroy's courtship of the redoubtable Mrs. Markle are given in SCRIBNER for December. One is Bret Harte's account of the actual occurrence; the other is Bret Harte's report of Gabriel Conroy's account of it. The question immediately arises, which is the true story?



GRANDMA MAKES FURTHER SEARCH.
[From Grandma's Nap, in St. Nicholas.]

ANOTHER YACHT-RACE.

Another yacht-race is announced to take place soon and under rather peculiar conditions. Instead of the yachts racing for a buoy, this is a contest in which the boys will race for a yacht. It seems, in short, that ST. NICHOLAS, always wonderfully clever at anticipating as well as satisfying the youngsters, has now promised, as a prize for the best solution of one of its puzzles, a beautiful, full-rigged, miniature schooner-yacht, four feet long! This is a race, therefore that will interest not only the boys who live by the sea, but every lad that lives within a mile of a brook or a duck-pond. Nor is this all, for the puzzle itself will include a picture of another yacht-race, even more novel still. It is promised for the December number, and the prize will be awarded in time for the opening of navigation in the spring. Now, boys! Ho, for the races!

A new sensation in the world of children's literature may soon be expected. ST. NICHOLAS promises rhymes and jingles from a fresh writer, whose songs are to make Young America laugh as it never has laughed before.

SCRIBNER AND THE COLLEGES.

Did you ever advertise for a boy? If so, you know how people feel in a besieged city. You come down to your office in the morning, and find the street around your door blocked up with boys,—boys on the steps, boys on the sidewalks, boys on the railings, boys up the trees, boys everywhere. If you get into your door alone, it is a miracle. Half a dozen will probably slip in after you, and if you are not very careful they will leak in and drip down upon you from windows, chimney, and transom. You want one boy, but you have no use for a thousand. Poor bewildered mortal, what are you to do? You let them in one at a time; you try to be just; in despair you take one of them, but there is no particular reason why you should take him. The rest know that, and you know they know it. You feel ashamed, and nine hundred and ninety-nine boys feel aggrieved. One boy goes home whistling.

Something of this kind recently happened in regard to SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. It was not about boys, but

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exist. In the Middle and Eastern States we should expect to find communities employing domestic servants somewhat in proportion to the extent and success of their manufactures and commerce, the presence of a considerable city being almost inevitably indicated by an increase in this form of expenditure.

The facts revealed by the Census correspond in general with great exactness to the reason of the case as we have sought to represent it. Beginning at the extreme East, we have Maine, a State chiefly agricultural, and having no large city to bring up its average, with 11.57 families to one servant. New Hampshire, approaching in its southern parts the industrial conditions of Massachusetts, has but 9.64. Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Vermont have, respectively, 7.61, 7.44, and 7.35. If, however, we exclude New Haven and Providence, Connecticut goes up to 8.08, and Rhode Island to 9.33. Massachusetts, with a population two-thirds that of the other New England States combined, has one servant to every 6.67 families. If, however, we exclude the cities of Boston and Worcester, we have for the remainder of the State but one to 8.24.

Of the States known in the geographies of our school days as the Middle States, New York has but 5.79 families to one servant; New Jersey, 6.97, and Pennsylvania, 8.01. If we exclude the seven principal cities of New York, the remainder of the State shows 7.31 families to a servant. If we exclude Philadelphia, Allegheny and Pittsburgh, the remainder of Pennsylvania shows 9.86.

Proceeding westward to Ohio and Michigan, we find, as we should expect, a smaller number of domestic servants in these States, the ratios being but one to 9.73 and to 9.74, respectively, or, if we exclude Cincinnati and Cleveland in Ohio, and Detroit in Michigan, but one to 10.92 and 10.31, respectively. Ohio and Michigan are, however, much older States than Illinois, which shows but one to 10.57, or, excluding Chicago, but one to 12.72. Indiana, a State of equal age, but of a more exclusively agricultural population, shows but one to 14.02 families. This is nearly the ratio of Iowa (one to 14.14). Wisconsin, with larger manufacturing interests, has one to 10.46, or, excluding Milwaukee, one to 11.26.

The six States remaining may be passed over with brief mention. California, with its great body of "Chinese cheap labor," naturally shows a large proportion of domestic service, having one servant to 8.37 families, though, if we exclude San Francisco, the remainder of the State has but one to 11.32 families, which is very close to the ratio for Nevada (one to 11.13), where, also, the Chinese element largely enters. Three of the other four States show the condition proper to pioneer communities, where luxuries are not expected, and labor is scarce and high. Nebraska has but one servant to 16.92 families; Kansas, one to 16.18; Oregon, one to 22.29. Minnesota, however, forms a distinct exception, and one not easily explained. The ratio of domestic service here (one to 9.64 families) is precisely that of New Hampshire, and exceeds by a trifle that of Ohio. Unless the cause of this be found in the proportion of Swedes and Norwegians within the State, it must be left to some social investigator on the spot, to account for this indulgence of the far Minnesotians in the luxury of domestic service so much beyond the customs of their neighbors.

Heretofore we have had under consideration the domestic servants in the several States, and in certain important cities, in their aggregate number only.* But it may not be without interest to follow this general class into the details of its nationality, and inquire what races and countries contribute, and in what measure severally, to this total of 951,334 persons, big and little, male and female, white, black and yellow, who minister in the households of our people.

At sight the statements of the Census in this respect appear scarcely credible. Thus, at the outset, we meet the assertion that 704,780 of the 951,334 were born within the United States. To one who has been accustomed to think of pretty much the whole body of domestic servants as of foreign birth, the first feeling must be that of incredulity. What, can it be true that all the Irish, Germans, Swedes, Canadians and Chinese, who make so much of a figure in our daily lives, and in the literature of the time, constitute little more than one-fourth of the entire number of servants?

In the first place, of the persons employed

* Another popular delusion, which is exploded by the Census, is that Joseph Smith introduced polygamy into his religious system merely as an indirect solution of the problem of domestic service; a shrewd device, at once to keep his handmaidens under discipline, and to defraud them of their rightful wages. The Census shows that, while Utah has fewer servants to population than the Territories of Arizona, New Mexico, Washington and Wyoming, it has more than Colorado, Dakota, Idaho and Montana.

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Tiarella cinerea

hybrida

(falsta - cinerea ?)

April 24 1876

Blaffton S. C.

Dr Mellichamp

calyx campanulate, irregularly
4 lobed. lobs roundish
slightly bearded —
4 stams; filaments scarcely
longer than the ovate anthers

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ALEX. LEITCH,

APOTHECARY & PHARMACEUTIST,

Marble Building Cor. Fourth & Olive Sts. St. Louis, Mo.

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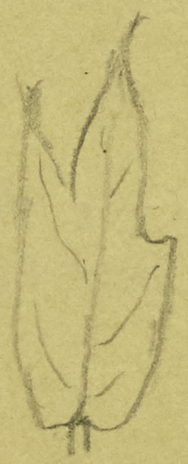
G. cinerea – fulvida

April 5 1878

S. Carolina March 28

×10



young leaf

3–4 stamens

calyx 4 parted, lobes ovate obtuse, red

like cinerea

dense stellate pubescence on both sides, ++ glandular hairs above

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HENRY EHRHARDT,

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,

No. 301 South Fifth Street, Cor. Myrtle, ST. LOUIS.

No. *Date* 187

℞

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1887

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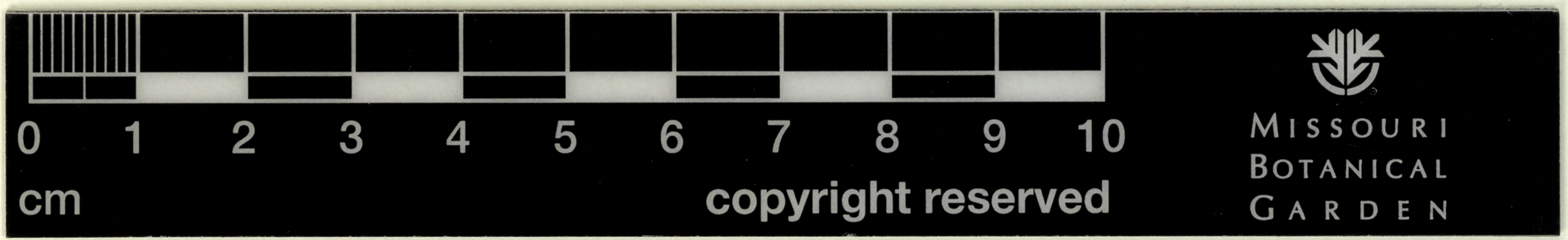
Mr Canby has collated an oak near
Salisbury, Md, which he can not distinguish
from Millerhaven cinerea palustris, but
Cinerea
~~Palustris~~ does not occur within 100 miles.
What is it?



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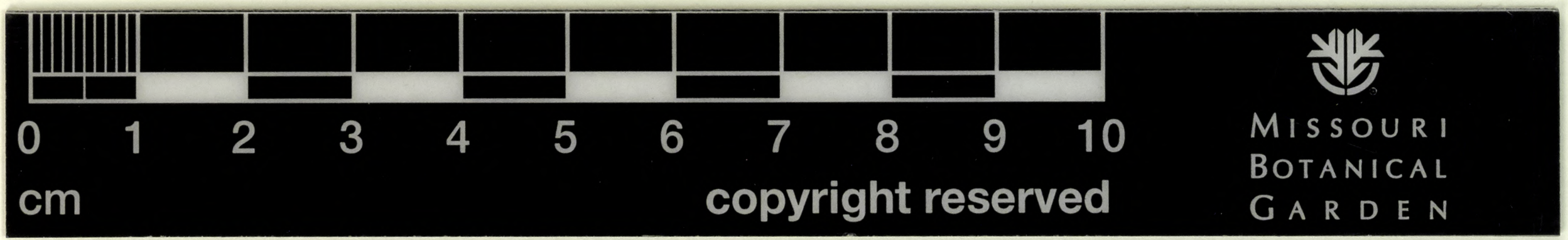

9 coronaria – ilicifolia Wyndge 1866, Robbins –
a straight tree, 25 or 30 feet high; both parents
within 8 rods.

HG Gray Cambridge
Oct 17 1876

Lower side of leaf and
very bracteolate (– August
pubescent, the latter
cinereous pubescent
both with smooth

on another label S Robbins
says: tree 40' high 19" = circumf.
parents within 4 rods

First noticed same tree 1855–

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Androgyne
Dusiflora
326-9

know about him—his irreproachable character, his faithfulness to my client, and his perfect memory of every event connected with the execution of the paper in question—to avoid the suspicion that he is by some means, and against his will, detained from appearing here this morning. I confess, sir, that I was not prepared for this. It is hard to believe that the plaintiff could adopt a measure so desperate as this for securing his ends, and I will not criminate him; but I protest that the condition in which the defendant is left by this defection, or this forcible detention—call it what you will—demands the most generous consideration, and compels me to ask the Court for suggestions as to the best course of proceeding. There are now but two men in court who saw the paper executed, namely, the assignor and the assignee. The former has declared, with an effrontery which I have never seen equaled, that he never signed the document which so unmistakably bears his signature, and that the names of two of the witnesses are forgeries. I do not expect that, in a struggle like this, the testimony of the latter will be accepted, and I shall not stoop to ask it."

Mr. Cavendish hesitated, looked appealingly at the Judge, and then slowly took his seat, when Mr. Balfour, without waiting for any suggestions from the Court, rose and said:

"I appreciate the embarrassment of the defense, and am quite willing to do all I can to relieve it. His insinuations of foul dealing toward his witness are absurd, of course, and, to save any further trouble, I am willing to receive as a witness, in place of Mr. Phipps, Mr. Belcher himself, and to pledge myself to abide by what he establishes. I can do no more than this, I am sure, and now I challenge him to take the stand."

The Judge watched the defendant and his counsel in their whispered consultation for a few minutes, and then said:

"It seems to the Court that the defense can reasonably ask for nothing more than this."

Mr. Belcher hesitated. He had not anticipated this turn of the case. There appeared to be no alternative, however, and, at last, he rose with a very red face, and walked to the witness-stand, placing himself just where Mr. Balfour wanted him—in a position to be cross-examined.

It is useless to rehearse here the story which had been prepared for Phipps, and for which Phipps had been prepared. Mr. Belcher swore to all the signatures to the assignment, as having been executed in his presence, on the day corresponding with the date of the paper. He was permitted to enlarge upon all the circumstances of the occasion, and to surround the execution of the assignment with the most ingenious plausibilities. He told his story with a fine show of candor, and with great directness and clearness, and undoubtedly made a profound impression upon the Court and the jury. Then Mr. Cavendish passed him into the hands of Mr. Balfour.

"Well, Mr. Belcher, you have told us a very straight story, but there are a few little matters which I would like to have explained," said Mr. Balfour. "Why, for instance, was your assignment placed on record only a few months ago?"

"Because I was not a lawyer, sir," replied Mr. Belcher, delighted that the first answer was so easy and so plausible. "I was not aware that it was necessary until so informed by Mr. Cavendish."

"Was Mr. Benedict's insanity considered hopeless from the first?"

"No," replied Mr. Belcher, cheerfully; "we were quite hopeful that we should bring him out of it."

"He had lucid intervals, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was that the reason why, the next day after the alleged assignment, you wrote him a letter, urging him to make the assignment, and offering him a royalty for the use of his patents?"

"I never wrote any such letter, sir. I never sent him any such letter, sir."

"You sent him to the asylum, did you?"

"I co-operated with others, sir, and paid the bills," said Mr. Belcher, with emphasis.

"Did you ever visit the asylum when he was there?"

"I did, sir."

"Did you apply to the superintendent for liberty to secure his signature to a paper?"

"I do not remember that I did. It would have been an unnatural thing for me to do. If I did, it was a paper on some subordinate affair. It was some years ago, and the details of the visit did not impress themselves upon my memory."

"How did you obtain the letters of Nicholas Johnson and James Ramsey? I ask this, because they are not addressed to you."

"I procured them of Sam Yates in anticipation of the trial now in progress here. The witnesses were dead, and I thought they would help me in establishing the genuineness of their signatures."

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"What reason had you to anticipate this trial?"

"Well, sir, I am accustomed to provide for all contingencies. That is the way I was made, sir. It seemed to me quite probable that Benedict, if living, would forget what he had done before his insanity, and that, if he were dead, some friend of his boy would engage in the suit on his behalf. I procured the autographs after I saw his boy in your hands, sir."

"So you had not seen these particular signatures at the time when the alleged assignment was made?"

"No, sir, I had not seen them."

"And you simply procured them to use as a defense in a suit which seemed probable, or possible, and which now, indeed, is in progress of trial?"

"That is about as clear a statement of the fact as I can make, sir;" and Mr. Belcher bowed and smiled.

"I suppose, Mr. Belcher," said Mr. Balfour, "that it seems very strange to you that the plaintiff should have forgotten his signature."

"Not at all, sir. On the contrary, I regard it as the most natural thing in the world. I should suppose that a man who had lost his mind once would naturally lose his memory of many things."

"That certainly seems reasonable, but how is it that he does not recognize it, even if he does not remember the writing of it?"

"I don't know; a man's signature changes with changing habits, I suppose," responded the witness.

"You don't suppose that any genuine signature of yours could pass under your eye undetected, do you?" inquired Mr. Balfour.

"No, sir, I don't. I'll be frank with you, sir."

"Well, now, I'm going to test you. Perhaps other men, who have always been sane, do sometimes forget their own signatures."

Mr. Balfour withdrew from his papers a note. Mr. Belcher saw it in the distance, and made up his mind that it was the note he had written to the lawyer before the beginning of the suit. The latter folded over the signature so that it might be shown to the witness, independent of the body of the letter, and then he stepped to him, holding it in his hand, and asked him to declare it either a genuine signature or a forgery.

"That's my sign manual, sir."

"You are sure?"

"I know it, sir."

"Very well," said Mr. Balfour, handing the letter to the clerk to be marked. "You are right, I have no doubt, and I believe this is all I want of you for the present."

"And now, may it please the Court," said Mr. Balfour, "I have some testimony to present in rebuttal of that of the defendant. I propose, practically, to finish up this case with it, and to show that the story to which you have listened is false in every particular. First, I wish to present the testimony of Dr. Charles Barhydt."

At the pronunciation of his name, the man in spectacles arose, and advanced to the witness-stand.

"What is your name?" inquired Mr. Balfour.

"Charles Barhydt."

"What is your profession?"

"I am a physician."

"You have an official position, I believe?"

"Yes, sir; I have for fifteen years been the Superintendent of the State Asylum for the Insane."

"Do you recognize the plaintiff in this case as a former patient in the asylum?"

"I do, sir."

"Was he ever visited by the defendant while in your care?"

"He was, sir."

"Did the defendant endeavor to procure his signature to any document while he was in the asylum?"

"He did, sir."

"Did he apply to you for permission to get this signature, and did he importunately urge you to give him this permission?"

"He did, sir."

"Did you read this document?"

"I did, sir."

"Do you remember what it was?"

"Perfectly, in a general way. It was an assignment of a number of patent rights on sundry machines, implements, and processes."

Mr. Balfour handed to the witness the assignment, and then said:

"Be kind enough to look that through, and tell us whether you ever saw it before."

After reading the document through, the Doctor said:

"This is the identical paper which Mr. Belcher showed me, or a very close copy of it. Several of the patents named here I remember distinctly, for I read the paper carefully, with a professional purpose. I was curious to know what had been the mental habits of my patient."

"But you did not give the defendant

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Quercus decursiflora
Calif. Bolander

May 17 1874

tip of stigma x60
black, hard
shining

lateral

upper side
groove

Stellate hair
below

x10

x415

usual appearance
of Pollen

probable real
shape of Pollen

x10

10 anthers flower
x10

glomerules of 3 flowers
supported by 3 bracts
calyx 5-lobed. stamens 10

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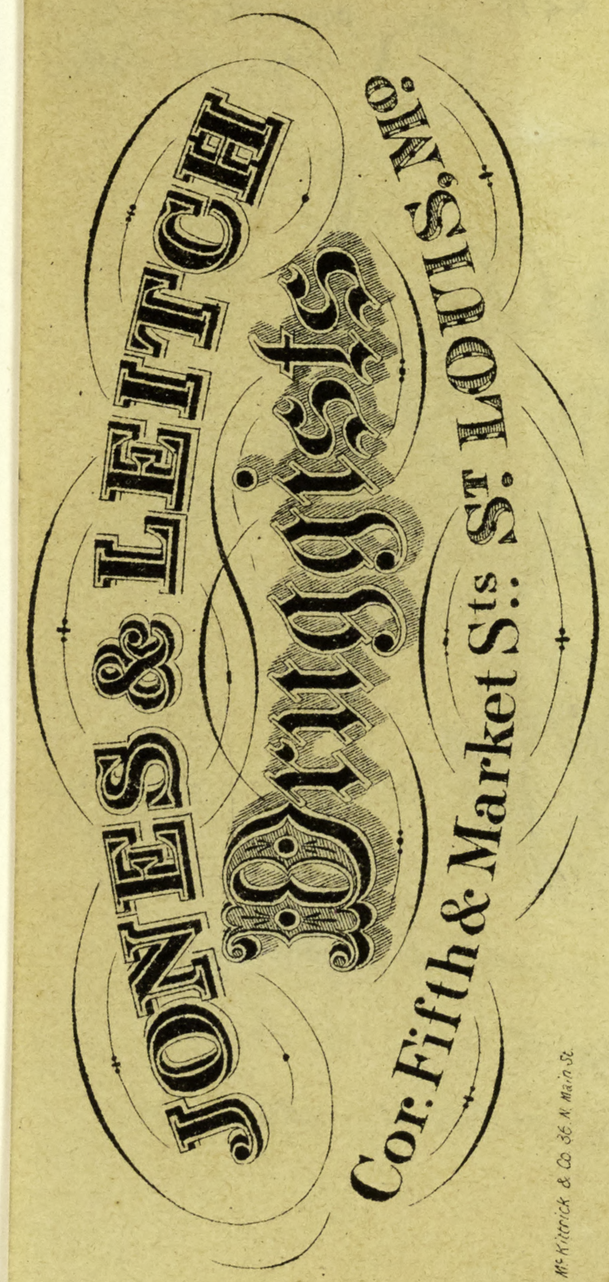

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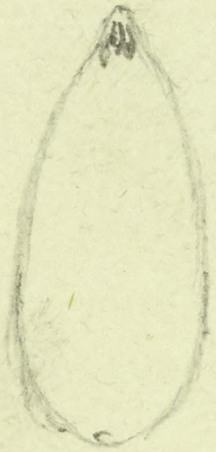
1643 Guarea Densiflora Pair 76

ovules superior



embryo

section

shell 3 mm thick
very hard, thickest
of all American species
inside coated with white dense
tomentum. testa also thick

easily opened in 3 teeny
Kernel triangular
1 side flat or
rather convex, the other
triangular

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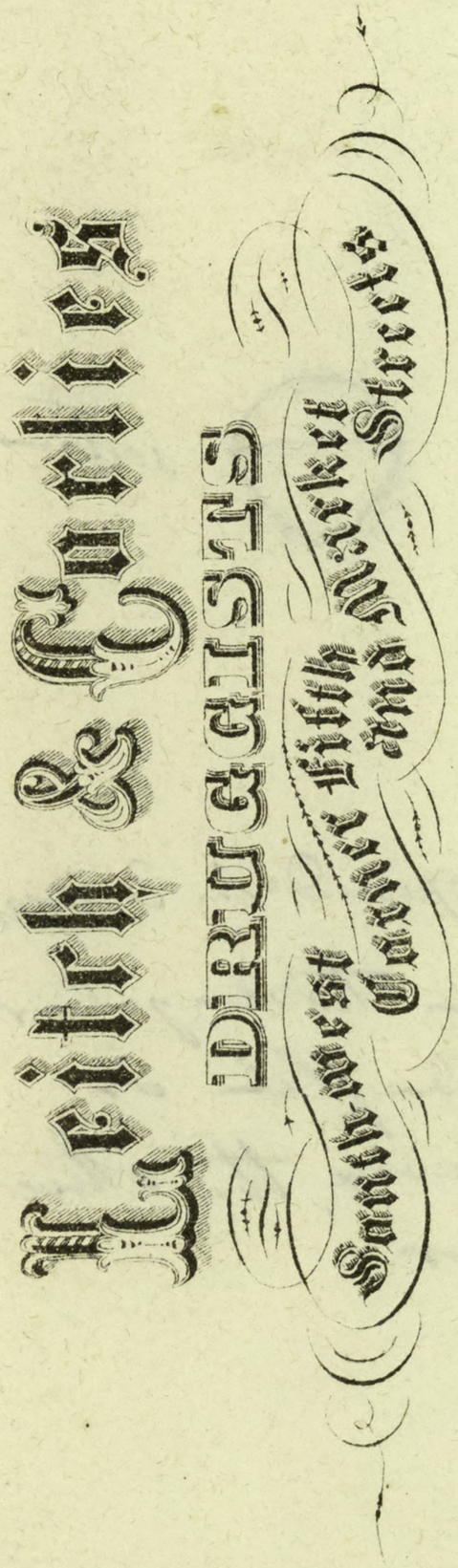

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Guerrero Durango

April 24 1876

×10

Back of very young leaf

×4

Missouri Botanical Garden
Engelmann Herbarium
Geo. Engelmann Fund

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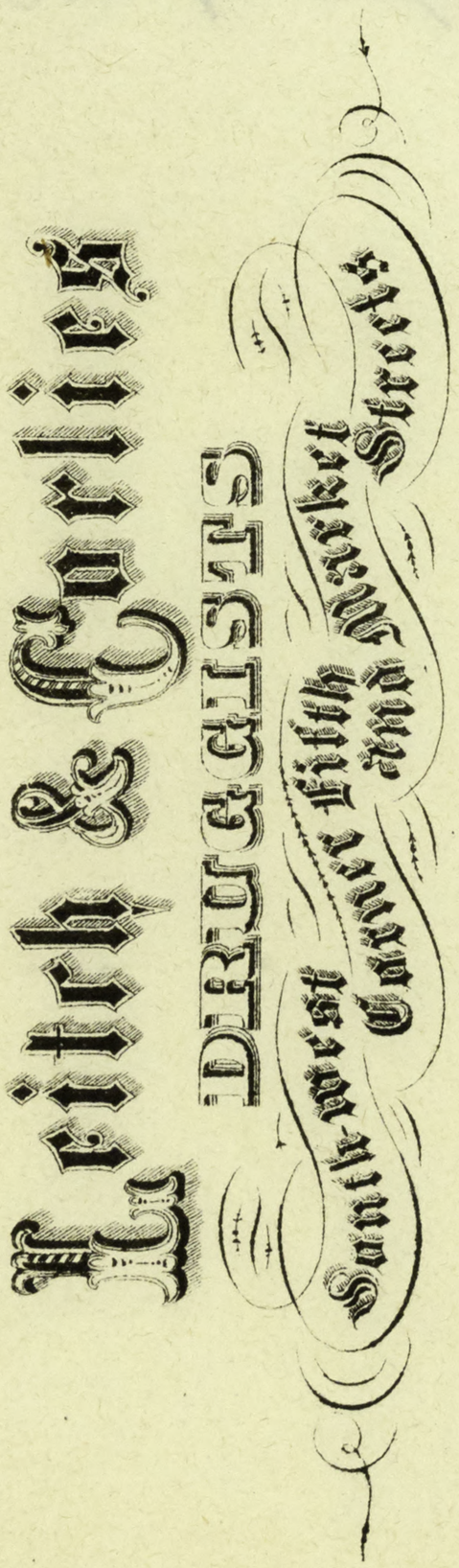

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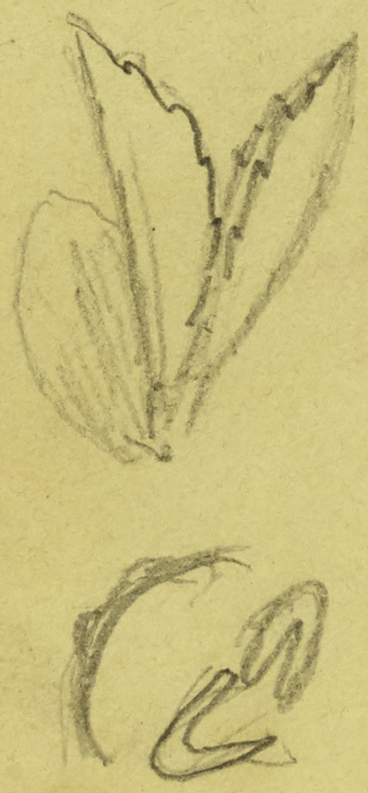
May 8 1877

J. Donnellon

Reading, Cambridge May 1877



1 (incomplete ? bulbike ?)
leaf convex, imbricate
2 inner ones conduplicate
all woolly both sides

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Leitch & Corlies
DRUGGISTS
South West Corner Fifth and Market Streets

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Catesbaei × laurifolia 334-6

came, but the result was not encouraging. At Henrico, the attempt to civilize these people had been repaid by a bloody massacre of their benefactors, and now the whole scheme was seen to be illusory. The young Indians entered as students pined or fell into idle courses. A writer in 1724 says: "They have for the most part returned to their homes—some with and some without baptism—where they follow their own savage customs and heathenish rites, * * or loiter and idle away their time in laziness and mischief."

The famous "Old Chapel" was built in 1732, and became the place of sepulture of some of the most distinguished men of Virginia. It was in reference to the chapel and to old Bruton Church that Bishop Meade wrote: "Williamsburg was once the miniature copy of the Court of St. James, somewhat aping the manners of that royal place, while the old church grave-yard and the college chapel were—*si licet cum magnis componere parva*—the Westminster Abbey and the St. Paul's of London, where the great ones were interred." The first person who came to sleep beneath the pavement of this American Westminster Abbey was Sir John Randolph, who had espoused the English side during the Revolution and gone into exile; and he was followed by his two sons, John Randolph, formerly the King's Attorney-General, and Peyton Randolph, President of the first Congress, and by Bishop Madison, first Bishop of Virginia; Chancellor Nelson, and it is believed Lord Botetourt, the royal governor, whose statue was in 1797 placed upon the college green. Botetourt had been a warm friend of the Virginians and the Virginia college; and, as he had expressed a desire to be buried in the colony, his friend, the Duke of Beaufort, wrote, after his death, requesting that "the president, etc., of the college will permit me to erect a monument near the place where he was buried." This phrase is supposed to indicate that the old chapel of William and Mary contained the last remains of the most popular and beloved of the royal governors.

After long delay, and a successful weathering of the chances of time and tide, the college was now, at last, in full operation. It was a "beautiful and commodious" edifice of brick, one hundred and thirty-six feet long, surmounted by a cupola, with its rear wing described as a "handsome hall;" its piazza extending along the western front;

THE BRUTON PARISH CHURCH.

its apartments for the "Indian Master" and his scholars; its park and extensive grounds, containing one hundred and fifty acres; and here and there on the green rose great live oaks heavy with foliage, beneath which passed to and fro the sixty-five students of the institution. Only here and at Harvard, in the Western World, had the ingrained instincts of the great Anglo-Saxon race begun to fight ignorance and superstition, and train the new generation in polite learning, and "good morals and manners" for the coming years.

A recital like that just made, dealing with charters, legislative enactments and dates, is always more or less uninteresting to the general reader, but has the merit at least of conveying information. We come now to a few incidents and details connected with the career of the old college, which will present a somewhat more lively picture of its character and proceedings. The students, whose average number up to the time of the Revolution was about sixty, seem to have resembled young gentlemen of their class in all ages of the world, and the Faculty were much exercised to control their restless energies, which took the direction of horse-races, cock-fights, and devotion to

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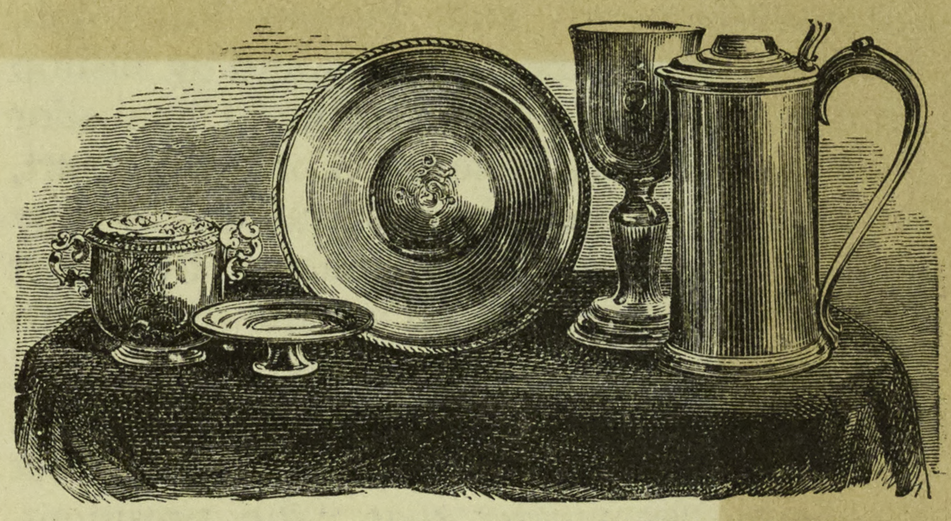
what the ancient record calls "ye billiard or other gaming tables." It was ordered by the authorities in 1752, that no student of any "age, rank or quality soever" (which

OLD CAPITOL, WILLIAMSBURG, VA.

strongly suggests the presence of aristocratic distinction) should "keep any race-horse at ye college, in ye town, or anywhere in ye neighbourhood;" an offense which had been evidently committed by some of the young "bloods," as the order proceeds to direct that all such race-horses should be "immediately dispatched and sent off and never again brought back;" and the students were to be in no manner "concerned in making races, or in backing or abetting those made by others." They were also forbidden, on pain of severe animadversions and punishments, to "presume to appear playing or betting at ye billiard or other gaming tables," as noticed above, or to be in "any way concerned in keeping or fighting cocks." This order was probably a severe blow to the mercurial young Virginians, who had been trained at home to take delight in thoroughbred horses and game-cocks, the passion for which is noticed by the Marquis de Chastellux as late as toward the end of the century, when he made his horseback journey through the Commonwealth. Other rules and regulations for the better ordering of affairs at the college have been preserved in the old records. *Tea* and *wine whey* were luxuries which *the housekeeper* was only to furnish to such students as were sick. Whenever the "young gentlemen" of the college appeared in public they were to wear the "academical dress." Mrs. Foster was to be "*the stocking mender* in the college," with a salary of twelve pounds, provided she furnished her own "lodging, diet, fire, and candles." On the subject of the consumption of intoxicating liquors within the bounds of the college, the views of the authorities will probably be regarded as somewhat lax, or, at least, as not amounting to prohibition. "Spirituous liquors were to be used only in that moderation which becomes *the prudent and industrious student;*" but, for fear that this regulation might be regarded as somewhat vague, the authorities proceed to define the species of drinks which the prudent and industrious student was at liberty to use at his meals. From the list were excluded all liquids whatever, except "beer, cider, toddy, and spirits-and-water," wine appearing to be prohibited in consequence of its dangerous properties. This singular legislation seems to have worked badly, and there was much more tippling at table in the college than ought to have been permitted. In 1798, when the "Bishop of Virginia was President of the College and had apartments in the buildings," the English traveler Weld noticed that half a dozen or more of the students—the eldest about twelve years of age—dined at his table one day when he was there; "some were without shoes and stockings, others without coats. During the dinner they constantly rose to help themselves *at the sideboard*"—to beer, cider, toddy, or spirits-and-water, it is fairly to be supposed. The writer adds, that the dinner consisted of "a couple of dishes of salted meat and some oyster soup," and mentions, he says, the queer proceeding of the students, as "it may convey some idea of American colleges and American dignitaries." And it is difficult to dissent from his strictures. The habits of the epoch must have been singularly lax to permit boys of twelve to sit at table in their shirt sleeves and bare feet with



COMMUNION SERVICE, BRUTON PARISH CHURCH.

a bishop present, and rise from their places during the meal to go and help themselves at the sideboard.

The ancient records contain minutes of the action of the visitors or governors of the college on another subject also—nothing less than the right of the Reverend Professors of Divinity and Grammar to take

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April 6 1878

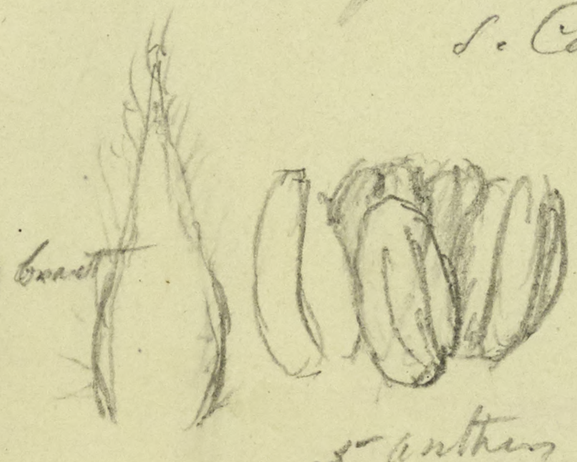
P. Catesbaei — Canifolia

S. Carol. March 28

flower head ×10

dorsal

lateral

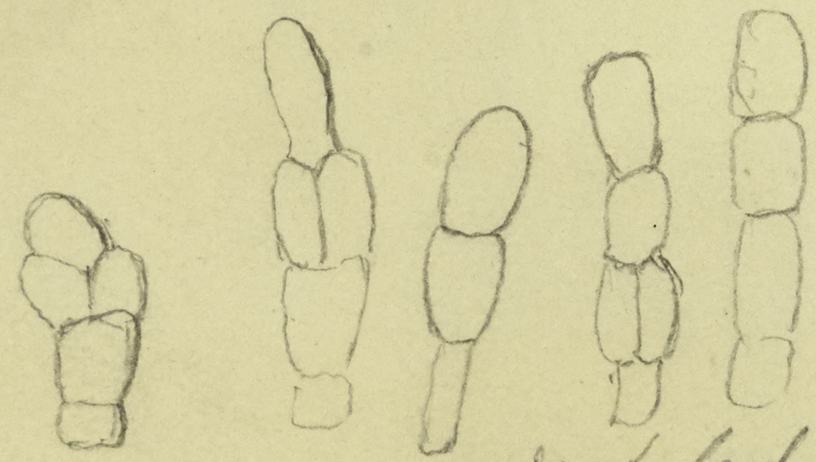


bracteas ovate

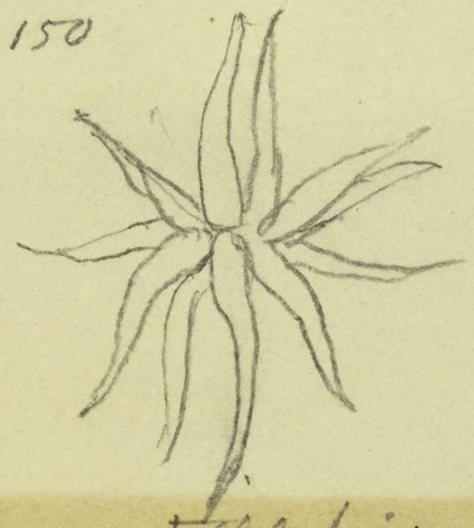
×10

base of leaf; mid rib expands shorter than on under side

×150



from upper side of leaf mixed with comparatively few stellate hair



stellate hair on lower side of leaf (no gland!) few glands!

×10

in full bloom April 2d

at that time the glandular pubescence had almost disappeared the stellate (below) not yet

calyx campanulate mostly 4 cleft

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HENRY EHRHARDT,

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,

No. 301 South Fifth Street, Cor. Myrtle, **ST. LOUIS.**

No. *Date* 187

℞

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A BIRTHDAY.

Now when the landscape lies all hushed and stilly
Beneath the cold gray sky and shrouding snow,
Dawns the dim birthday, shadowy and chilly,
Of my sweet winter-child—my rare white lily,
Loved all too well, and lost so long ago.

Sometimes I marvel, dazed by doubt and distance,
Whether she was a mortal baby fair,
Or some more glorified and pure existence
Lent for a little—a divine assistance
To help me over uttermost despair.

I bring to other birthdays kiss and token,
And loving wishes crowding fond and fast—
To this I only bring a woe unspoken,
Bitter rebellious tears, a heart half broken,
Bruising itself against the cruel past.

Year after year I think of her as older,
And muse upon her growth, and softly speak:
Now without stooping I could clasp and hold her,
And now her golden head would reach my shoulder,
And now her sweet white brow would touch my cheeks.

Would earthly years have had the power to render
That holy face less innocent and fair?
And those clear eyes, so luminous and tender,
Would they have kept undimmed their depths of splendor,
Amid these heavy clouds of grief and care?

I wonder, when I see my locks grown duller
By blighting years, and streaked with silvery strands,
If her bright hair has still the sun-warm color
It wore when on my breast I used to lull her,
Smoothing its shining waves with loving hands.

While time has aged and saddened me so greatly,
Has she outgrown each changing childish mood?
By the still waters does she walk sedately
A tall and radiant spirit, fair and stately,
In the full prime of perfect angelhood?

In that far dwelling, where I cannot reach her,
Has she who was so fragile and so sweet,—
An untaught babe, a tender little creature,—
Grown wise enough to be my guide and teacher,
And will her presence awe me when we meet?

Oh, if her baby face has waxed no older,
Or if to angel stature she has grown—
Whether as child or woman I behold her,
With what wild rapture will these arms enfold her—
This longing heart reclaim her for its own!

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THREE NOTABLE SERIAL STORIES BY AMERICAN WRITERS.

Three very remarkable serial stories are to appear in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY during the present year.

The first, "GABRIEL CONROY," by BRET HARTE, has been already begun. Mr. Harte won his early fame as a writer in California, and this story, as might have been expected, is a romance of the Pacific slope.

The *Hartford Courant* says of the story: "The study of American progress would be incomplete without a knowledge of the life which Mr. Harte writes about. In this way his writings are of importance, and essentially a national treasure. His new story will contain the richest and ripest results of his observation and studies for years past."

The second, "PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS," is by EDWARD EVERETT HALE, and will begin in January. This story comes to us from the literary center of New England—if not of the country—New York disputing with it now the wider claim. Mr. Hale is a Unitarian clergyman, but he is better known by his shorter stories, which, of their kind, have never been equaled by any American author.

The present work is an historical novel for the Centennial year, and it will be, perhaps, the great romance of the Mississippi Valley. The scene is laid along the banks of the lower Mississippi, at a time when the Louisiana purchase was first Spanish, then French, and then American; at a time when war was imminent between this country and Spain to obtain possession of the mouth of the Mississippi. Captain Nolan, from whom the story receives its name, was a native of Frankfort, Kentucky, a well-educated young man, remembered as athletic, energetic, amiable and brave. No period of our history has more dramatic points of interest than that in which he and his friends engaged.

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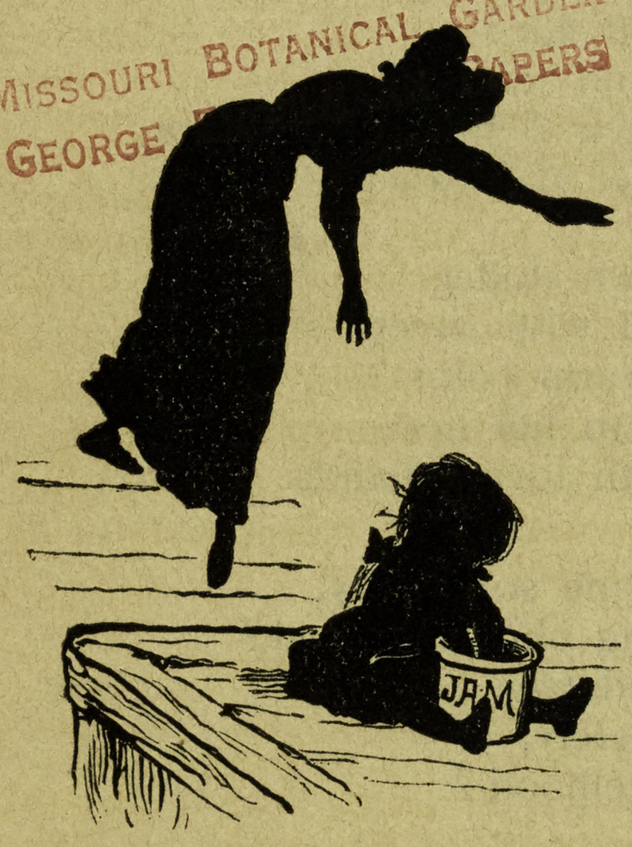

LITTLE BOBBY IS FOUND BY HIS MAMMA.

[From Grandma's Nap, in St. Nicholas.]

The third of these serials is "THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S," by FANNY HODGSON BURNETT.

At the conclusion of BRET HARTE'S story, which it is now understood will be in July, "THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S" will be commenced in the Magazine. Those who have read "Surly Tim's Trouble," "One Day at Arle," "The Fire at Grantley Mills," and others of Mrs. Burnett's short stories, will not need to be assured that they have a rare treat before them in this her first novel. The scene of the new novel is laid in an English mining town; the characters, it is said, are drawn with marvelous power, and from the first page to the last the interest of the book is unflagging. Mrs. Burnett is a young woman who has come to the front without the advantages of liberal culture, but by the force of native genius. Her early childhood was spent in England, but she has lived in Tennessee for many years.

BOY LOST!

What a thrilling cry is this? How it vibrates along the heart-strings of every parent, and thrills through a whole city! And yet it is of hourly occurrence. A hundred thousand boys in homes of culture and refinement are every year *lost* by reason of the poison of bad books, and bad sensational romances. Almost every week a boy is found at some railway station with a revolver in one pocket and a sensational story paper in the other, having run away from home to lead a life of adventure.

Give the boys good, strong, entertaining reading at home. Give them the best of books and the best of the magazines. John G. Whittier, our Quaker poet, writes: "It is little to say of ST. NICHOLAS that it is the best child's periodical in the world."

SEEING THE WORLD.

A late editorial in a leading daily paper, headed "Certain Holiday Books," attributes the mutiny on the school-ship to the inflamed ambition of some of the lads who had been reading the adventures of a certain cheap hero of the Bowery Variety. The same article goes on to show that the modern parent's guilty neglect, if not positive misdirection of the "boy's taste for reading," is the fruitful cause of the mass of boy crime that of late has startled thinking people into closer observation—and finally it adds these very suggestive words:

"The Mayor of Philadelphia, it is said, asserts that he could rid the jails of two-thirds of the juvenile criminals in the next year, if he could banish certain plays from the boards of the Variety theaters, and put certain books out of print. We only suggest these facts to mothers and fathers. It is their part to clear the jails in future. No Mayor can help them."

Now, it will not do to take fascinating and bad literature out of these boys' hands, and give them in its place Mrs. Barbauld and Peter Parley, or worse still, the sentimental dribblings of those writers who think that any "good-y" talk will do for children. We must give them good, strong, interesting reading, with the blood and sinew of real life in it—heartsome, pleasant reading, that will waken them to a closer observation of the best things about them.

The great mental evil of the day is the impression invariably given to young minds that *seeing the world* necessarily means seeing the badness of the world. Once let a boy understand that to *see the world* in a fair, manly way, one must see also its *good* side, its nobleness and true progress, and you at once put his soul in the way of a wholesome growth.

It is right and natural for a boy to want to see the world. It is right and natural for him to want to read books that, according to his light, show him what the world is.

The *wrong* and the *unnaturalness* are in the careless way in which parents and guardians ignore this want, or fail to meet it in a proper manner.

Vile writers and worse publishers are fattening on this tendency of boys and this carelessness of parents.

Good writers and honest publishers are offering the means of remedying the great evil, and are showing the boys of this country how they may see the world and yet remain pure and true.

Parents must decide which class of writers and publishers shall win the race.—*Sunday School Times.*

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G. imbricaria – rubra

Shiloh, Ill April 27 1877

dorsal side of grey leaf rolled back

May 7th 1877 flowers not quite open

Rachis woolly

Calyx almost glabrous towards the ends woolly only at the ends tip of the calyx lobes

lobes 2 or mostly 3, earlier 1.6 mm long.

4 mostly, rarely 3 or 5

X10

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Leitch & Corlies
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS
South West Corner Fifth and Market Streets.

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Quercus rubro – imbricaria June 7 1874

near Ludovici Cayuga Iowa

St Clair Co Ill. – large tree with

the bark of Q. rubra

anthers 1.6 – 2 mm long

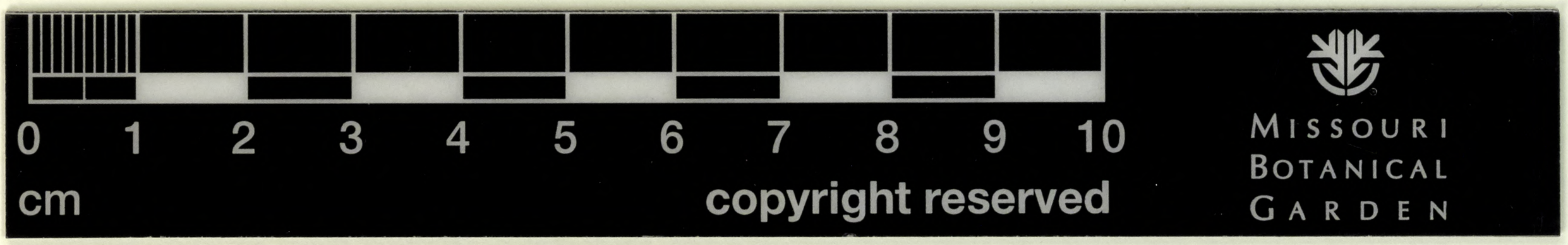
apiculate

F10

calyx mostly 2 lobed, slightly hairy & ciliate

4 – androus

Thanks very woolly



Deutsche Apotheke.

HENRY DIERS,

APOTHECARY,

South East Corner Fifth and Biddle Streets,

ST. LOUIS. MO,

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